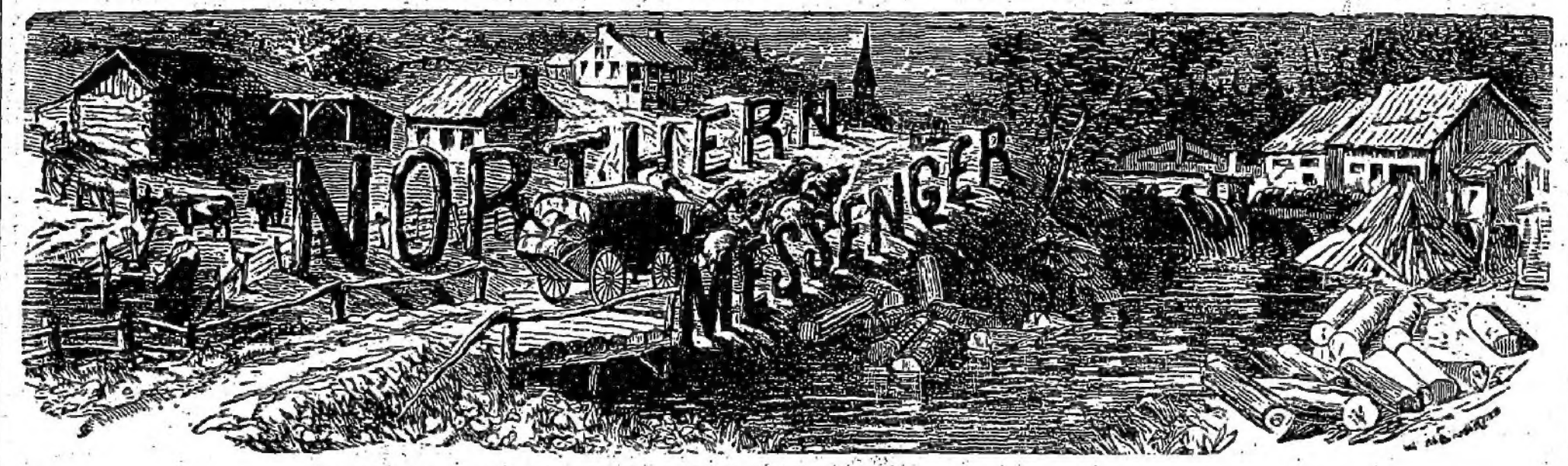


DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

VOLUME XXIV. No. 10 MONTREAL & NEW YORK, MAY 17, 1889. 30 CTS. per An. Post-Paid.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE SUN.

Seldom has a total eclipse of the sun been viewed with such satisfaction as that which occurred on last New Year's Day. During the whole period of totality the view was not obscured by the smallest cloud, and over fifty photographs were secured by the scientific parties scattered among the mountains of Nevada and California for the purpose. The corona, it will be seen, was exceptionally fine, extending to over twice the solar diameter. Said one eye witness, in describing the wonderful sight, "If we further attempt a mental grasp of the complete effect of the moon's black globe hung in space, quite close with the chromospheric prominences or red tongues of luminous hydrogen; next beyond, the strong light of the corona proper; and outside still, the delicate, filmy, zodiacal streamers, stretching far out into space, we can realize the full justice of Professor Langley's apt remark that the astronomer, busied with his camera and telescope, may note with precision all the detail of this phenomenon, but the just appreciation of the grandeur of so sublime a spectacle presumes the imagination of a poet."

In this connection our young readers will be interested in a few words on the sun itself by W. Matthew Williams, a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society

The astronomers of old only knew that the sun is a great fiery globe, and that sometimes there are curious dark spots upon it which could be seen only in foggy weather or when the sun was near the horizon.

The reason why these spots were only seen at such times, is that the eye is then protected by the fog or the haze. When in full glare from a clear sky the sun dazzles the eyes so painfully that nothing but the dazzle can be seen. The telescope only makes this worse. It is, in fact, dangerous to look at the sun through a telescope in its ordinary condition.

At last somebody thought of a very simple contrivance, that of using dark colored glass to protect the eye, and thus we are now enabled to magnify the sun by the telescope, and examine its surface deliberately.

Before I tell you what has thus been discovered, I must try to convey some idea of the size of the sun. This is by no means easy. As the eye is dazzled by the brilliancy of the sun, and all the lights of this world appear but darkness after we have struggled for a while to fix our gaze upon the wondrous luminary, so is the mind bewildered when we contemplate his magnitude, and our own world and all upon it are dwarfed by comparison to insignificant littleness.

But how can we measure the size of the sun? is a natural and fair question. In reply, I may say that the distance of the sun from our world has been measured, and knowing this, it is easy to tell how much less than its real size must an object at that distance appear.

But how measure the distance? you will now say. To answer this would require quite a long story of itself, a story of great interest, but one that can only be understood by those who have learned some mathematics.

To form some idea of how it has been done, place some small object a few feet from a window pane, then stand at the further end of the room, and note the part of the window pane which the object appears to cover. Then step aside, say three feet to the right. The position of the object against the window pane will now appear to have changed,—moved to the left.

Note how much it has moved, then come nearer to the object, and step three feet to the right again. The object will have moved further to the left this time. Then come still nearer and repeat the experiment. The shifting of the apparent place of the object will be greater still.

The planet Venus is an object that sometimes comes between us and the sun, so as to be seen as a spot on the sun, as the object in your experiment appeared on the window pane. If an astronomer makes a long step, say from London to one of the islands in the Pacific, this spot will appear to change its position, but as he cannot make such a big step at once, he arranges that two or more persons shall make observations at the same time from distant parts of the world, and carefully record the exact, apparent position of the planet on the sun, or its apparent path across the sun, as seen from these stations.

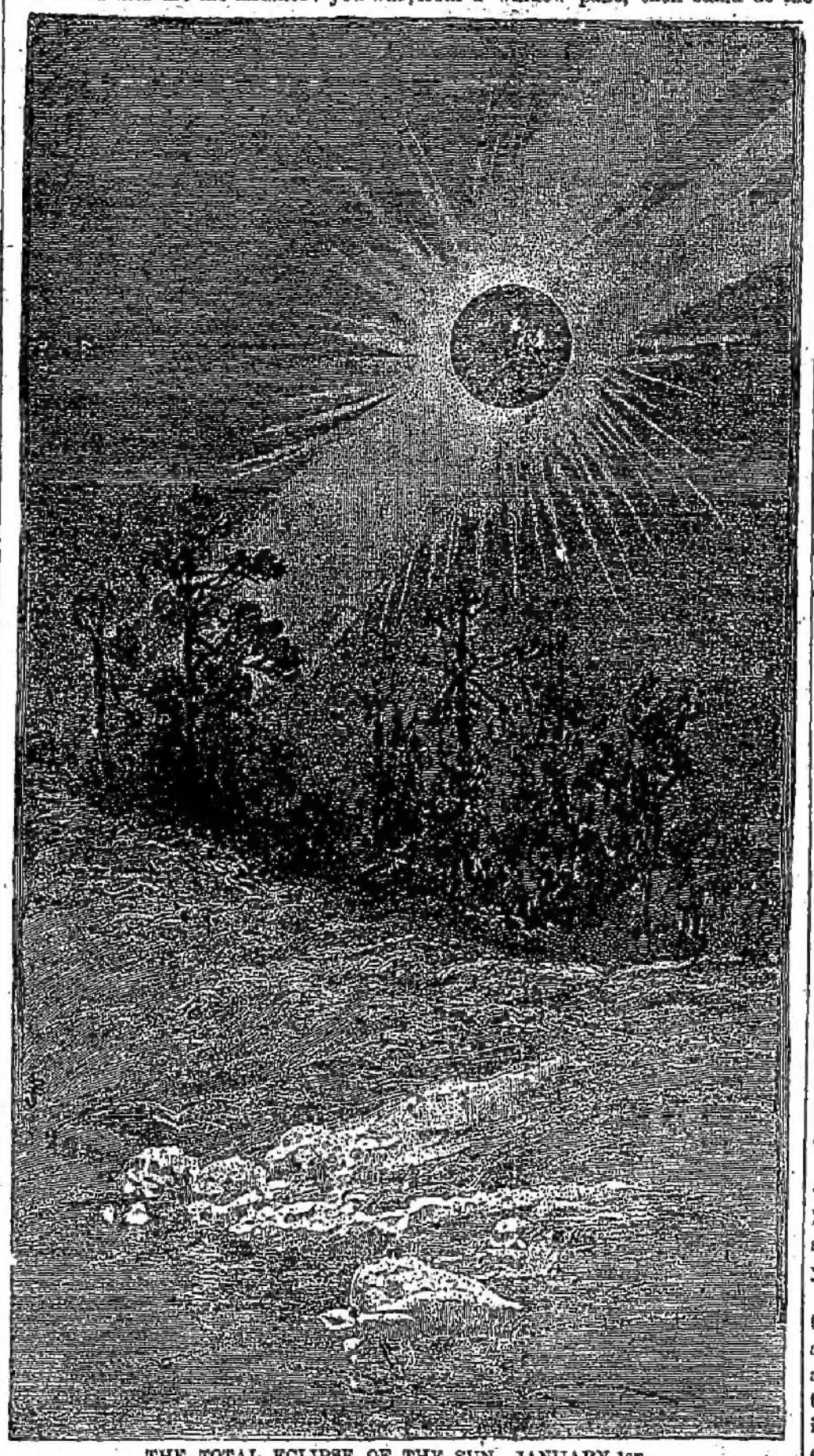
Captain Cook made one of his celebrated voyages for this purpose, and at different times all the civilized nations of the world have equipped expeditions at great expense to observe these transits of Venus, the object being to measure the distance of the sun.

Other methods have also been used, all with the greatest possible skill. Immense labor has been given to the calculations that are necessary in working out the gigantic sum which the observations have set.

Therefore, you may venture to believe me when I tell you that a comparison of all the results of these labors of so many able men during so many years proves that the sun is nearly ninety-three millions of miles from the earth, and that the fiery globe itself is so large that if a number of worlds as big as ours were held together like beads on a string, three hundred and forty of these world-beads would be required to girdle it around in one line.

Three hundred and forty pin's heads thus strung together would go round your head with some to spare. Therefore, the sun is as much bigger than the world as your head is bigger than a pin's head.

How many worlds would it take to cover the whole surface of the sun? As many as the number of pins to cover a pin-cushion as big as your head. How many worlds to fill the space occupied by the sun? This is easily calculated when we know the sun's diameter, eight hundred and sixty thousand miles. In round numbers a million and a



THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, JANUARY 1st.

Appearance of the Corona, as viewed from the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

GALLION QUE
W M Pozer 15 Feb 89

quarter of our worlds would occupy a space equal to the whole size of the sun.

Some years ago, when I was lecturing on this subject, I thought of demonstrating this to my pupils by bringing in a sack a million and a quarter of peas and pouring them on the table, each pea to represent a world, and all of them the number of worlds required to measure the sun.

In order to be correct, I bought half a pint of peas, and counted them, in order to learn how many pints for the million and a quarter. I found that instead of a sack, I should require a horse and cart. There were one thousand two hundred peas in a pint, about ten thousand in a gallon, and, therefore, I required one hundred and twenty-five gallons, or more than half a ton of peas to represent the size of the sun, each pea representing a world.

I use world-measure rather than mile-measure, because miles are too small. Another comparison may help to convey an idea of the size of the sun. You know that the moon is far away from us, two hundred and forty thousand miles. It sweeps round the earth in a nearly circular orbit of four hundred and eighty thousand miles across.

This is a magnitude too great for the human mind fairly to grasp, but great as it is, if the earth were at the sun's centre and the moon still circling round it, the orbit of the moon would reach but a little more than half way to the sun's surface.

I have said all this about the size of the sun, because it is necessary to keep his enormous magnitude in mind, in order to form any just conception of the mighty doings I am now about to describe.

Let us begin with the spots to which I have already alluded. These have been carefully observed and studied, and prove to be great holes. Nobody can tell how deep they are, but the length and breadth of the mouth of these great pits have been well and accurately measured. A very small spot, requiring a powerful telescope to show it, must be more than a thousand miles in diameter.

Those that are visible without a telescope to ordinary eyes protected by a dark glass or a hazy atmosphere must be, at least, thirty thousand miles across. One was observed in 1858 which had a breadth of more than one hundred and forty-three thousand miles. A string of eighteen of our worlds would be required to span it. Into its vast concavity worlds like ours might be poured by hundreds as we should pour peas into a basin.

Holes or cavities in what? you will ask. Certainly not in anything solid like the crust of the earth. We know this, because the surface of the sun is in continual motion, and different parts of that surface move with different velocities. A solid cannot do this without tearing itself to pieces.

The spots themselves move about on the surface of the sun, change their forms and sizes, grow and diminish, open and close, disappear altogether.

The surface of the sun is evidently gaseous. Whatever may be the condition of the interior, that surface visible to us is a fiery atmosphere of vast depth, and below it is something less luminous which is revealed by the spots, the central or deepest parts of which appear black, and this apparent blackness shades off towards the rim of the cavity.

I say "apparent," because such blackness is only due to contrast and the obscuration of the dark glasses through which the sun is seen. Compared with anything on the earth the darkest parts of the spots are very brilliant. The spots thus appear to be huge eddies or whirlpools in the flaming atmospheric ocean of the sun.

Further examination reveals the existence of mighty billows on this flaming ocean. The largest of these waves have been named faculæ. They are great heapy ridges of the flaming matter, many of them thirty to forty thousand miles long, and one to four thousand miles wide. They are specially abundant round about the spots, as though the spots are centres of inconceivably furious storms or tornadoes.

These great billows roll along the surface of the sun with velocities proportionate to their magnitude, thousands of miles an hour. Sometimes they are seen passing over the edge of the sun's disc, and projecting like a little tooth. To be thus visible they must be, at least, forty or fifty times as high as the highest mountain on this earth.

But these are not all. A powerful telescope shows the whole surface of the sun to be mottled with lesser waves, ripples on the fiery ocean; but the smallest of these that are visible, must be far larger than the biggest of the Rocky Mountains or of the Alps or Himalayas. These also are in rapid motion, showing that the sun is everywhere in a state of perpetual raging storm, of fury inconceivable, incomparably exceeding any of the tempests on our quiet little globe.

When the moon happens to pass directly between us and the sun we have a solar eclipse. The body of the sun may thus be quite hidden while the outer fringes of his luminous atmosphere are still uncovered. More marvels are revealed thereby.

There was such an eclipse in 1842, and the astronomers throughout the world were much excited by an amount of red flames or clouds that seemed to project from the dark edge of the moon, and might either belong to the moon itself or be projections from the sun behind it.

Could they be volcanic eruptions on the moon? If they belonged to the sun they must, to be thus visible at such a distance, be of enormous magnitude, forty or fifty thousand miles high above the solar surface. Many believed them to be optical illusions, fictions of the imagination.

But between 1842 and 1860 photography had been so far perfected as to enable Mr. De la Rue to take pictures with materials that have no imagination and cannot be deceived. He not only proved their actual existence, but also that they belonged to the sun. He took several photographs showing that as the moon moved across the face of the sun, it covered over those on the side towards which it was advancing, and uncovered others on the side it was leaving.

Since this, a method has been discovered by which these mysterious appendages can be seen without an eclipse. They have been studied with great care by astronomers both in Europe and America. In Italy there is a society specially organized for studying them, and the revelations thus obtained are still more marvellous than what I have already told you concerning the tempest and tornadoes of the sun.

They are due to tremendous explosions, compared to one of which, the combined bombardment of a hundred millions of our biggest cannons all fired at once would be but the effort of a boy's pea-shooter or pop-gun.

HOW WILL IT APPEAR?

A writer in the *Christian Guardian* says:—When I was pastor of the Box Grove church, a man told me his annual expenditure for tobacco was at least $20. He was a poor man. If he should give up this habit, and give that amount to the cause of God, how many people would object, and say he was robbing his family. A class-leader on one of my circuits was assuring me that he could not afford to give even one dollar to help the missionary work of the church; yet at the same time, he was smoking at the rate of, I judge, from $12 to $20 per year. That man would lead a class, teach in the Sunday-school, and pray for the spread of the Gospel; and yet, while smoking perhaps $20 per year, claimed not to be able to give even one to the glorious work of spreading abroad the blessed Gospel. I once heard an official member say it cost him $50 per year for tobacco. That same evening, in the missionary meeting, he signed $3. Think of it, $50 for tobacco and $3 for Christ's cause! When I was on the Bradford district, we had an official member whose annual subscription to the funds of his circuit was $7. He told me his tobacco cost him every year $14. Then the amounts sometimes spent for liquors by some who call themselves Christians, we hesitate to speak of. How will such expenditure appear in the day of judgment? In how many ways we can economize, and thus help the cause of God if our hearts are fired with his love.

TEMPERANCE IN ALL THINGS.

A correspondent of the *Woman's Journal*, writing upon "relation of food to liquor-drinking," offers the following suggestive thoughts:

"Do we realize as we ought that much of the food placed upon our tables tends to the dominion of appetite?"

"Would that temperance advocates were 'temperate in all things.' We 'draw the line' at wine, beer, and distilled liquor; and inside that line, we lay the reins on the neck of appetite, and let it carry us whither it will.

"Suppose I were to say, 'I'm not well to-day. I was out last night, and we got to drinking brandy; and I suppose I took too much, and I am down to-day.' Wouldn't you be shocked? But suppose I said, 'I have a fearful headache, I ate cake and ice cream at the social last night, and knew at the same time I'd pay for it.' Or, 'I dined with Mrs. A. yesterday and ate some of her spiced pickles, delicious mince pie; they always make me sick, but I am so fond of them I can't let them alone.'

"Did you ever hear temperance men and women say anything like that?

"I have,—and without a tinge of shame at the confession.

"True, such indulgence does not so greatly benumb the higher faculties, and deprave the nature as does indulgence in strong drink. Yet while appetite sways,—in all that is true, and pure, and noble, we live far below our possibilities."—*Exchange.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON IX.—JUNE 2.

JESUS BEFORE THE COUNCIL.—Mark 14: 55-65.

COMMIT VERSES 55, 56.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They hated me without a cause.—John 15: 25.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Innocence acting nobly in the presence of enemies.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 14: 55-65.
T. Matt. 26: 59-68.
W. Mark 14: 66-72.
Th. Luke 22: 54-71.
F. John 18: 15-27.
Sa. Ps. 2: 1-12.
Su. Acts 7: 7-15.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

55. *Council:* The Jewish Sanhedrim, or court. This was not a regular meeting, because they could not lawfully meet till sunrise. *To death:* not to ascertain the truth, but to kill him. 58. *I will destroy:* he had not said so; see John 2: 19. 60. *High priest:* Caiaphas. 61. *Held his peace:* because it was useless to explain to those who were determined to pervert everything he said. *Said unto him:* see Matt. 26: 63. He put him under oath, and compelled him to criminate himself. *Son of the Blessed:* i.e., Son of God. 62. *And Jesus said, I am:* to be silent now would be to deny the truth. *Sitting on the right hand of power:* omnipotent, having all power under his control. *Coming in the clouds of heaven:* as promised in Matt. 16: 27, 28, should take place in that generation, and hence occurring at the destruction of Jerusalem. Also and more fully on the Judgment Day, at the end of the world. 63. *Rent his clothes:* see 2 Kings 18: 37. Originally a natural outburst of grief, but later it became a mere form, regulated by law. 64. *Blasphemy:* had he not been the Messiah, it would have been blasphemy. *Condemned him:* the execution of the sentence belonged to the Roman government. 65. *Prophesy:* i.e., tell us while blindfolded who struck thee. (See Luke 22: 64.)

SUBJECT: JESUS IN THE PRESENCE OF HIS ENEMIES.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE TRIBUNAL (v. 56). Before whom was Jesus tried? (See also Matt. 26: 57.) What can you tell about the Sanhedrim? Was this a regular meeting? (See Helps.) What kind of witnesses did they seek? If they had sought to know the truth, what kind of witnesses could they have found in abundance? (Luke 7: 21, 22.)

II. THE ACCUSATION (vs. 56-59).—What kind of witnesses first appeared against Jesus? What showed that their testimony was false? How many witnesses were necessary? (Deut. 19: 15.) Of what did they accuse Jesus? (v. 64.) What was the punishment of blasphemy? (John 19: 7; Lev. 24: 16.) What further accusation did they bring against him afterwards before Pilate? (Luke 23: 2.) What did two at last say they had heard? Was their report true? When had Jesus said something like it? (John 2: 19-22.) What were the differences between the report and the facts?

III. THE PRISONER (vs. 60-64). What did Jesus say in answer to this accusation? Why did he keep silence? (See Isa. 53: 7.) What did the high priest then demand under oath? (See Matt. 26: 63.) Who is meant by the "Blessed"? What was Jesus' reply? What change would take place some day in the relations of Jesus and the chief priests? For what was Jesus now condemned? Would his claims have been blasphemy if they had been false? To what hour did they they now adjourn? (Luke 22: 66.) What characteristics of Jesus do you find in this account? Should we sometimes keep silence when falsely accused? What time is referred to in vs. 62? Meaning of rending the garments?

IV. PETER'S DENIALS. Where was Peter all this time? (John 18: 15-18.) Doing what? Relate the story of Peter's denying Christ. (Mark 14: 66-72.) How long a time was the trial continued? (Luke 22: 59.) What recalled Peter to his right mind? (Mark 14: 72.) How did Peter repent? What shows the difference between his repentance and that of Judas?

V. JESUS MOCKED (v. 65.) How was Jesus treated while waiting for the Sanhedrim to gather legally? Why did they treat him so? *Are there any such mockeries now? Is it mean* as well as wicked to ill-treat those in our power? How do you treat Jesus?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Unbelievers try to find, not the truth about the Bible, but some fault in it.

II. To do this they pervert and distort its truths.

III. It is wise to be silent under false accusations before those who are determined to pervert everything said. *Do not cast pearls before swine.*

LESSON X.—JUNE 9.

JESUS BEFORE PILATE.—MARK 15: 1-20.

COMMIT VERSES 14, 15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Pilate saith unto them, Take ye him, and crucify him.—John 19: 6.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Each person must decide what he will do with Jesus.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 15.: 1-20.
T. Matt. 27: 1-31.
W. Luke 22: 66-71.
Th. Luke 23: 1-25.
F. John 18: 28-40.
Sa. John 19: 1-16.
Su. Matt. 6: 19-34.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *Held a consultation:* the meeting of the Sanhedrim in the morning to condemn Jesus, which could not be done at their night session (last lesson). *Carried him away:* because they had no power to put him to death. *Pilate:* the governor of the Jews, under Tiberius, the Emperor of Rome. 2. *Thou sayest:* a strong way of saying, I am. 3. *Accused of many things:* sedition, refusing to pay tribute, treason against Cæsar, making trouble. 5. *Answered nothing:* (1) because it was of no use; (2) his life was a sufficient answer. 7. *Barabbas:* a leader in a rebellion or riot against Rome. 11. *But the chief priests,* etc.,: while the people were deliberating, Pilate's wife sent her warning. 14. Pilate, Judas, Herod, Pilate's wife, the centurion—all agreed on the innocence of Jesus. 16. *Pretorium:* the court or hall where the prætor or governor held trials and transacted business. 17. *Clothed him with purple:* the dress of kings, probably one of the soldier's red cloaks answered the purpose. This was the third mockery of Jesus.

SUBJECT: WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH JESUS.

QUESTIONS.

I. WHAT THE RULERS DID (v. 1.)—When did the Sanhedrim meet again? What had they decided should be done with Jesus? (14: 64.) Where did they next send Jesus? What was their object in this? (*John 18: 31, 32.*) Why were the chief priests so anxious to destroy Jesus?

II. WHAT PILATE DID (vs. 2-5.)—Who was Pilate? What can you tell about him? Of what did the Jews accuse Jesus to Pilate? (Luke 23: 2, 5.) Why did Pilate ask Jesus? The reply? In what sense was Jesus King of the Jews? How did Jesus explain his position? (John 18: 33-38.) Why did Jesus after this keep silence? Where did Pilate send Jesus at this time? (Luke 23: 6-12.) On his return, did Pilate find Jesus innocent or guilty? (Luke 23: 13-16.) Who sent a warning message to Pilate? (Matt. 27: 19.) In what way did Pilate try to throw off the guilt of his wrong decision? (Matt. 27: 24, 25.) What finally decided Pilate? (John 19: 12.) Did Pilate gain anything by his wrong doing? (Pilate not long after this was recalled to Rome, and died in banishment.) Can we ever make any real gain by means of wrong doing?

III. WHAT THE PEOPLE DID (vs. 6-14).—What was a peculiar custom of Pilate's at the Passover? Whom did he wish to release? Whom did the people choose? Who was Barabbas? How could they choose such a man instead of Jesus? When do we make a similar choice? What suffering came upon them for this wicked choice?

IV. WHAT THE SOLDIERS DID (vs. 15-20.)—What did Pilate do at last? How did the soldiers treat Jesus after the scourging? What made them mock him? Is it mean as well as wicked to ill-treat the weak and unfortunate? Is it especially mean to mock and reproach them?

V. WHAT WE SHOULD DO WITH JESUS.—Can we help doing something with Jesus? Between what and Jesus must we make a choice? Will laying the blame on other people save us from the responsibility of our decision? What will be the result of deciding against Jesus? What should we do with Jesus? What blessings will follow our choice of him?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

I. Jesus a King in disguise, as are often Truth, Justice, Reforms.

II. Like Pilate, we have many warnings not to reject Christ.

III. We must do something with Christ,—either accept or reject him.

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Second Quarter, 1889.)

1. Apr. 7.—The Triumphal Entry.—Mark 11: 1-11.
2. Apr. 14.—The Rejected Son.—Mark 12: 1-12.
3. Apr. 21.—The Two Great Commandments.—Mark 12: 28-34.
4. Apr. 28.—Destruction of the Temple Foretold.—Mark 13: 1-13.
5. May 5.—The Command to Watch.—Mark 13: 24-37.
6. May 12.—The Anointing at Bethany.—Mark 14: 1-9.
7. May 19.—The Lord's Supper.—Mark 14: 12-26.
8. May 26.—Jesus betrayed.—Mark 14: 43-54.
9. **June 2.—Jesus Before the Council.—Mark 14: 55-65.**
10. **June 9.—Jesus Before Pilate.—Mark 15: 1-20.**
11. June 16.—Jesus Crucified.—Mark 15: 21-39.
12. June 23.—Jesus Risen.—Mark 16: 1-13.
13. June 30.—Review, Missions, and Temperance.—I Cor. 8: 4-13.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

ON THE COOKING OF VEGETABLES.

In a country so richly supplied with vegetables as our own, there ought to be no lack of knowledge as to the cooking of them, but, as a matter-of-fact, even in houses where all the other cooking is excellent, the vegetables are often spoiled. So general is the failure to cook them well, that comparatively few people know what the more delicate vegetables are like in perfection. The reason for this is, that they are more easily spoiled, perhaps, than anything else, except eggs. Five minutes too long boiling impairs the flavor and delicacy of peas, asparagus, cauliflower and other vegetables.

Yet, as a rule, all vegetables, potatoes excepted, are given not five minutes too much boiling, but hours too much. I have known many cooks to put the roast in the oven, and the cauliflower or asparagus in the pot at the same time. If the vegetable is one that falls to pieces when overdone, and if the cook is careful enough and interested enough in her work to see that that does not occur, she draws the pot back, and leaves them to soak in the hot water. But it rarely occurs to any one to think what those water-soaked vegetables might have been, had they had fair play.

In every kitchen there should be a time-table for vegetables, and unless under exceptional circumstances, the meat must be the standard; that is to say, you time the meat, and reckon the time to cook vegetables by that. For instance, your meat will be done at one o'clock, you have, therefore, to consult the time-table or your memory, as to the exact time each vegetable takes, and put it on according to that time. The following time-table may be depended upon, if the rules given be observed faithfully.

Potatoes take about half an hour, unless small and new, then they take rather less.

Peas and asparagus, twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Cabbage and cauliflower, twenty-five minutes to half an hour.

String beans, if slit or sliced thin slantwise, twenty-five minutes. If only snapped across forty minutes.

Green corn, twenty to twenty-five minutes.

Turnips, if cut small, forty-five minutes.

Carrots, cut in four lengthwise, one hour, unless very large, when they may take an hour and a half.

Young summer turnips and carrots, forty-five minutes to one hour.

Beets, one hour in summer, and two to four hours in winter.

Spinach, twenty minutes.

Onions, medium size, one hour.

It will be seen that the time given is very much shorter than that generally allowed, and in the case of cabbage and cauliflower, I have found it almost impossible to make many housekeepers even try to cook them in the time named.

Suppose you have a roast to be done by one o'clock, and have young beets and carrots to cook, you would put the beets on in boiling water, salted, at twelve, the carrots a quarter of an hour later.

If you have, instead, peas or asparagus, you would have the water boiling at twenty-five minutes to one, the potatoes should go on five minutes earlier, that is, at half past twelve. Cabbage and cauliflower would also go on five minutes later than the potatoes, that is to say, at twenty-five minutes to one.

It must be remembered, that the rule in cooking vegetables is to put them in plenty of fast-boiling water, having first drained them well, in order that as little cold water as possible may go with them to check the boiling; and they must be put on the very hottest part of the range, so that the vegetables may not be left longer than necessary in the water before boiling. Moreover, attention must be paid to see that the boiling continues the whole time. Vegetables irregularly boiled, put forward and backward, as it suits convenience for other cooking, will always be discolored, sodden and tasteless.

Certain vegetables, such as cabbage, cauliflower, beet-tops or anything with green leaves, should have a large saucepan and plenty of water, as much baking soda as will lie on a dime, and about a tablespoonful of salt to half a gallon of water, and they should boil rapidly. String beans also require the same treatment.

Green peas and asparagus need to boil gently. Potatoes also, because, when boiled fast, if they are of a mealy kind, they will break before they are done in the middle.

To sum up. Boil string beans, cabbage, and all green vegetables, with the exception of peas and asparagus, as rapidly as possible, in plenty of water with salt and a little soda.

Boil all other vegetables gently but continuously their specified time, in salted water without soda.

When boiled, treat the vegetables in the following way:

Potatoes, pour the water off as soon as they are tender, do not let them break, then gently shake the saucepan back and forth, and put it for two or three minutes, half covered, where they will steam dry, or lay a clean, folded cloth over them.

Peas and string beans should have the water poured from them, and a piece of butter with a scant teaspoonful of flour mashed into it, stirred with them, and two or three tablespoonfuls of milk, according to quantity of vegetables, added; stir round till the dressing simmers, then serve. If cream is abundant, it may take the place of this dressing. Add a little pepper and salt, and serve.

Cabbage and spinach should be pressed dry, chopped and dressed in the same way. Carrots and turnips, if cut small, boiled and served with this milk and butter dressing, are delicious.

Cauliflower and asparagus should be carefully drained, not to break them—the best way is through a colander—a slice of toast should be laid in the dish, the vegetables laid on it carefully, and white sauce made in the following way, poured over them.

White sauce. Melt in a saucepan one tablespoonful of butter, add a tablespoonful of flour, slice them and let both bubble together a few seconds, then add quickly half a pint of boiling milk, stirring all the time; this will now be a smooth cream, just thick enough to lay on the vegetables, but not thick enough to form a paste. If it does this, the tablespoonful of flour has been over-full; a heaping one is not intended, but one just rounded. Season with half a salt-spoonful of salt, and very little pepper.

Young summer squashes, gathered when about the size of an orange, and boiled without peeling half an hour, then pressed between two plates, and served with this sauce, or with butter, pepper and salt, are delicious.

In hotels where many vegetables have to be boiled, and the range required for other things, a good cook manages thus: when the vegetables, potatoes excepted, are done, they are drained and laid at once in cold water. This preserves the color and flavor; when required they are made hot in the dressing. Never attempt to keep vegetables hot in the saucepan, it is far better to remove them, and make them hot again, if for any reason you have them cooked too soon.

The bad odor from cabbage and cauliflower is quite unnecessary, and comes from slow boiling in too little water; there will be only a pleasant smell if cooked quickly, as I have directed.—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW BELLE STARTED OUT.

BY LOUISE MOORE.

"I declare, Nettie, I am sick and tired of walking around in other people's cast off clothing. Just look at me! a perfect contribution-box. My hat last season graced Aunt Kate's stylish head, my wrap was part of cousin Margaret's wardrobe. These horrid shoes were a misfit, and because our squeamish second cousin Arabella, who has expectations, didn't think her foot looked pretty in them, they were donated to 'poor cousin Belle,' and though they cramp my good sized feet, still I must wear them. This dress, and as you may well know, all our dresses were once somebody else's. I never have a new pair of gloves, nor a fresh ribbon. I declare it would be positively refreshing to have something brand-span new, selected by myself, according to my own taste. I tell you, Nettie Lovering, I intend to strike out and earn my own living," said Belle, impetuously.

"But, Belle, I shrink so from people knowing papa cannot support us; it would be so mortifying to him. It is so much more genteel for our friends to think we are not obliged to earn our own living, even if we are worried nearly to death to keep up appearances," replied Nettie.

"That is all nonsense, Nettie," said Belle; "false pride is at the bottom of your desire to shield papa. He does the best he can, that we all know, and I can swallow my pride far better than I can my independence. I can do something as well as other girls. I can neither paint, draw, nor give music-lessons, but I do excel in bread and pastry-making. Only yesterday I heard Mrs. Lewis, the President of the Ladies' Industrial Exchange, tell a lady they had more orders for good bread and fine pastry than they could supply, and the idea suggested itself to me, why not ask Mrs. Davis, one of the Managers of the Exchange, to allow me to become a contributor to that department of the business, and thus turn my domestic talents to account, as hundreds of others have done."

And so Belle did, and now she dresses in brand-span new clothes—dresses well, too—besides throwing in the family treasury, many dollars; and somehow her rich relatives who used to send their cast-off finery to "poor cousin Belle," have more respect for the girl who would rather swallow her pride than her independence.—*Christian at Work.*

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Use common salt when sweeping carpets, and it will brighten the colors wonderfully.

To take out iron-mold stains, wet with milk and cover with salt. The latter also rubs egg stains from spoons.

An excellent way to clean old brass is to use ordinary household ammonia, undiluted, and rub with a brush. This will leave the metal clear and bright. It should then be rinsed in clear water and wiped dry.

If your sewing-machine runs hard and your oiler is empty, try as a substitute equal parts of clean lard and kerosene oil.

To remove coffee stains, put thick glycerine on the wrong side of the article and wash out in lukewarm water.

Clean white marble stoops, halls or walks by having them washed with a mop which has been dipped in boiling hot water and soda. Use a good deal of soda and allow it to dissolve. It is very effective.

Cabbage leaves deprived of their coarse nerves (ribs) make an excellent dressing for wounds of various kinds and obstinate ulcers. Apply night and morning with a bandage over them.

If there be much sickness about the neighborhood boil the water which is used in babies' food, for boiling kills all the animalculæ contained in the water. Cool it before using.

To clean bottles, put into them some kernels of corn and a tablespoonful of ashes, half fill them with water, and after a vigorous shaking and rinsing you will find the bottles as good as new.—*American Cultivator.*

TO WASH ALL WOOL FABRICS.

The best way to wash all-wool fabrics, or those that have a fair mixture of wool in them, is to make a hot suds of good soap, in which put a tablespoonful or two of ammonia. If possible to make clean without, do not rub soap on the fabrics, as it fulls them up badly. Rub the clothes in this, and rinse in clear hot water. Hang them up to dry out of doors when the weather is suitable, but never in stormy or freezing weather. Stretch them to shape when hung up, and if possible iron them while they are yet damp. Never use soap in the rinsing water, but see to it that the soap used in rubbing them is well rinsed out. Flannels washed in this manner will be soft and pliable, even unto old age, but they should never be trusted to the care of servants entirely.—*Good Housekeeping.*

TAKE CARE OF YOUR EYES.

In families where there is much sewing to be done, it is a good plan to have the bulk of work on dark and colored goods done by daylight, preserving the white sewing for the evening, in order to save the eyes. Like the other bodily organs, they will retain their power much longer if properly treated. John Quincy Adams never used glasses even in extreme old age, and he attributed his remarkable eyesight to the habit of gently manipulating the eyelids with the fingers, rubbing toward the nose. This may be only a partial explanation of the strength of his visual organs, but that sort of friction is undoubtedly excellent. Reading at twilight, or lying down, or by a poor artificial light, or on an empty stomach, ought always to be avoided. The use of veils also, particularly the spotted lace variety now so commonly worn by women, cannot too strongly be condemned. Permanent injury to the eyesight has often resulted from wearing them, as well as heavy crape veils. Occasionally, on a very windy day or for a person in very delicate health, a thin veil may serve a good purpose, but as a rule they are pernicious.—*Selected.*

A SAND BAG.

One of the most convenient articles for use in illness is a sand bag. It is even better than the hot water rubber bag, since it retains the heat longer, and is more easily adjusted to different parts of the body. It should be made of flannel, about eight inches square. After being filled with sand, and the opening carefully sewed up, it should be inclosed in another bag of cotton or linen. It can then be heated by placing in the oven, or even on top of the stove, if not too hot. It is a good plan to keep two or three of these bags on hand that a fresh one may be warming as the first begins to lose its heat. Another nearly indispensable article in the sick room is a screen, or a curtain hung across the door, not only to guard against drafts, but to shut out the sight of persons passing and repassing in the hall. For moistening dry lips a little gum-arabic, or glycerine, in water is excellent, and for the thirst a small lump of ice dissolved in the mouth is much better than drinking cold water. It is upon the little matters that the comfort of an invalid largely depends.—*Selected.*

PUZZLES—NO. 10.

ANAGRAMMATICAL CHARADE.

The couplets rhyme. The omitted words are all formed from the four words omitted in the fourteenth line.

'Tis May-day in London! Hurrah! and hurrah!
And here come the chimney-sweeps. Look there! **! **!

One, two, three, four, five,—in their dresses so queer;
And with them a lassie in glittering ****,

All covered with spangles on dress and on ****.
How can she be willing such garments to wear?

They pause here and there, where'er it may ******,
And to drum-and-fife music they one and all dance.

And with them another,—a figure so queer;
At the sight of his dancing the crowds raise a *****.

'Tis a frame trimmed with herbs and flowers quite ****.
At its top waves a flag 'gainst the grey London sky.

One dances within, though he cannot be seen.
The name which he goes by is, **** ** *** *****.

But lest you can't guess it,—my *first*, I will say,
Will draw off high boots. Just try it, I pray.

My *second*, the last letter doubled, would be
An old-time hotel. *My third* is just ***.

My *fourth* in the country is everywhere seen,
'Tis the clothing of spring and of summer,—fair *****.

ANAGRAMS.

May birthdays.—Noted persons born in May.

Lewellyn Erringtaut Dorl Howells, May 1, 1703.
Carl Pitlowe Smith, May 4, 1796.
Jas. D. S. Parker, May 10, 1789.
Warren H. D. Craig, May 22, 1813.
Edgar Hart Wintrich, May 23, 1822.
Donna France Violet Gique, May 24, 1819.
Sherman Powall Dore, May 25, 1803.
Laura J. Wheldow, May 27, 1819.

RIDDLE.

Once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in thousand years?

WHAT IS IT?

Enough for one, too much for two, and nothing at all for three?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 9.

WHAT AM I?—Echo.

HIDDEN MOUNTAINS.—1. Andes. 2. Atlas. 3. Everest. 4. Brown. 5. Mendip. 6. Etna. 7. Corno. 8. Agua. 9. Franklin. 10. Hecla.

ENIGMA.—Seek good and not evil. Amos 5, 14.

SQUARE WORD.—

V A I N
A C R E
I R I S
N E S T

PUZZLERS HEARD FROM.

The following have sent correct answers: Hannah E. Greene, W. McCaughrin, H. E. Valentine.

The Family Circle.

A MAY-DAY STORY.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

As long ago as my memory will carry me back, I recall a May-day party, given at a country house on the Hudson where a large company were assembled. There was quite an excitement over the event, days in advance. A May Queen was chosen from among a band of school-girls in the neighborhood, the votes being cast with an air of mystery in itself fascinating. A box was affixed to a Maypole in the school garden, and in the hallway of the house was a basket filled with blank cards. Each girl could take one of these at will, write the name of her candidate upon it, and put it into the garden box. On the eve of the first of May the "counting up" took place, and I remember the satisfaction seemed quite general, when a very sweet, brilliant girl, of about fourteen, was declared the Queen, and at an early hour next day the revels began. Just what was done I cannot wholly recall; but the Maypole, well-garlanded, and the Morris dance I distinctly remember; the latter all the more clearly because half a dozen children who danced in it were dressed in character. There were Maid Marian, Friar Tuck, Robin Hood, etc., all innocent and merry little revellers and very joyous subjects of the Queen. May-day parties, our elders tell us, were much in vogue in America when they were young; chiefly as school festivals; but they seem to have died out of popularity in these times; and it is a pity, for no sort of festival sport, whether conducted within doors or out, is prettier or more innocent, suggestive, as it is, of the happy time of the year when the "buds are springing and the leafage green."

In England, a century ago, May-day revels were very general; and away back in the time of Chaucer the festival began at day-break, lords and ladies going out in gay companies to "gather the May," as the lovely hawthorn flower is called. At the present day, in England, May-day companies still go about in various places; but, except among the chimney sweeps, the day, as a festival, is now celebrated chiefly by children. There are some towns or villages where a regular Maypole is erected and the lads and lasses deck it with garlands and dance about it, the "Morris" being the May-day dance most admired. This dance was brought from the Moors in Spain, and from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century was performed in characters at May-day festivities.

In London, as I have said, the chief "Mayers" are the chimney-sweeps, and they have a special festivity of their own. Dressed in peculiar costumes, and carrying garlands, and a sort of rudely constructed bower, they go about from house to house, when planting their pole; they sing and dance, a character called the "Jack in the Green," inside the bower, making his appearance now and then to ask for pennies from the passers-by or the people in the houses.

A curious story was related to me in connection with this branch of May-day festivity, which may interest my young readers. Told as it was to me one sweet spring evening, in a large, old-fashioned house in London, where the events took place, it quite excited me, especially as only the day before I had been down to some wretched houses in old Drury Lane, where lived once, not so very long ago, the chief actor in the narrative. Perhaps he will not seem much of a hero; and yet I think if any one had seen, as I did, the place where he was born, and allowed to grow up to be a lad of ten years of age—I cannot say brought up, you see—this one action of his life might seem heroic.

Rob, as I will call him, lived in one of the old courts back of Drury Lane. It was, and is, a tenement of the poorest description; once a grand house, where ministers of state lived, where Charles II. spent many very luxurious hours, but now fallen to decay, and with the wretched alley leading out into the main street simply swarming with inhabitants. Rob's profession was that of crossing-sweeper, so that he welcomed rainy and muddy and even foggy weather; and when a dull day dawned, Joey, the little cripple, knew that his friend would be in fine spirits returning home at night, and no doubt, bring him a feast in the way of hot sausage, or perhaps tripe in a covered dish, from the public house on the corner; so that, unlike most children, fair weather made them feel very down-hearted, and it was funny to hear Joey say, in dolorous tones, to his comrade, "Oh! I say, Rob! Here's a go! Another fine day!" or to observe Rob's discontented expression when a streak of sunlight made its way of a winter morning into the corner of the miserable room.

Rob's crossing was a very interesting one to him, for one special reason. On the corner was a fine house; a solid brick mansion, with many windows and a wide doorway, with three steps, railed either side with old-fashioned iron work. To watch the comings and goings of the family who lived in this house, to catch glimpses of the animation or life within, was Rob's delight; and he learned to know just what to expect at certain hours; and many a time would he lean upon his broom, gazing into the lower windows, where different figures, familiar to him, could be seen—the tall, grave young master of the house; the delicate, girlish-looking lady who was, as Rob knew, his wife, and the blooming young girl, her sister. There was a child, too, a boy near to Rob's own age, and whether he sat over his books in the little room to the left of the doorway down-stairs, or walked out with his uncle, or rode on his small, black pony, Rob always watched him with admiring delight, and would tell Joey, on his return, all about it. Often and often Rob earned or received a sixpence for holding the carriage door or making the crossing particularly clean; but, although they often spoke of the child among themselves, they had no idea how large a part of his daily life they were. Once—would Rob ever forget this?—he had seen the two ladies drive away in all their splendor to court! It was a brilliant day in April; although little Rob did not know it, a special festivity for a visit of distinction had occasioned this court summons; and the two ladies had come out of the brick house in gorgeous array, which not all their wraps could conceal, and the flash of jewels, and the beauty of the white feathers and the diamonds in their hair, fairly dazzled Rob, who was at his own crossing, waiting hopefully for an April shower. They came and went like a glimpse of a fairy tale to the boy, who went home to tell Joey all about it, quite unconscious that others were listening. Two chimney-sweeps—of the lowest class of that hard-worked, and I must say usually honest, trades-people—had a bed in the same room; and one of these listened to Rob's story with both of his wicked ears wide open. Rob was telling Joey how, looking in, he had seen the ladies taking the jewels out of a little iron-bound safe in a room in the ground floor. "Such white stones, Joey, you never did see!" Rob said, excitedly. "Her had a whole string of them."

Well, unsuspecting Rob did not quite understand, why, the next day, the oldest and grimiest of the chimney-sweeps began talking about "his house" to him, saying he knew who lived there; he cleaned one of their chimneys last week; and, little by little, he drew from the boy all about the jewels in the little safe, what they looked like, and just what he had seen through the window. Now, the chimney-sweep knew more than Rob did; knew that the young master of the house was to be absent on court business on May-day: knew, also, that the ladies of the house would very likely be away; and they planned getting into the house, and having Rob's assistance.

They began by asking him how he would like to go about with them on May-day; and Rob was delighted; for he had envied the sweeps last year when they were starting forth, and wished he belonged to their trade. But what was his horror on the eve of May-day, when the sweeps boldly announced their purpose, or enough of it to insure his assistance, and threatened him in a terrible way if he refused his aid! The sweepers knew very well that Rob's word against them was of no special consequence, so they did not hesitate to unfold their plans; and they let him know that they were going to put down their pole in front of Colonel G——'s house long enough to find out who was at home, and learn something of the family plans that day.

Rob, at first inclined to be defiant, at last grew silent, and apparently acquiesced in their plans; but his head was busy working out a means of warning the family. Well enough he knew that the chimney-sweeps would keep an eye on him, and he had only until the next day to do anything. He cast about in his mind who could or would possibly help him, without at once betraying him to the sweepers. He had no one in the court to whom he dared apply; every one there was more or less of the same sort, if not in sympathy with the actions of villainy planned and carried out, at least afraid to oppose them; and I am afraid that but for his interest in "his house," even poor little Rob might not have had sufficient morality, or known enough, to oppose the schemes of these men. All of his life, you see, had been spent among just such people. One portion of the tenement had just been what they called "reclaimed"; that is, a rich and benevolent lady had bought it for the purpose of trying to make the condition of the people better; and once or twice a week she, or some of her assistants, came down there to look things over and make plans.

Now, Rob, coming in one rather bright February afternoon, very much disheartened after a "fine" day, and no work, had encountered, on the rickety staircase, a tall, bright-faced girl, with a pair of honest and very friendly brown eyes, whose face he remarked seeing that very day in one of the windows in his house. She was carrying a little case, with an ink bottle open in her hand, and she had evidently been making entries in a little red-bound book. Rob was quick to discover that she was one of Miss H——'s ladies, who had begun to repair the old tenement, and after that he learned to watch for her coming into the court, and to know her days.

This 30th of April Rob well knew was one of them. How could he contrive to get a word with her the boy wondered; to say something which would in itself be a message? He sat still on the old steps of the entrance to the house that afternoon, waiting and wondering and trying to see his way out of the difficulty, and at last the young lady and her middle-aged attendant appeared, coming into the dingy court like a ray of sunshine, and with a pleasant smile for Rob, sitting, in his ragged garments, on the broken-down step.

The little pen and the ink bottle and the book had suddenly given him an inspiration, and, much to her surprise, the boy suddenly sprang up and addressed the young lady in a whisper.

"If yer please, Miss," he said, and blushing violently all over his rough little face, "would yer write down a few words for me?"

"Do you know," said this same young lady to her companion, that evening, at a very grand dinner party, "I had such a curious experience to-day. I have been working a little for Miss H——in those old tenements in Drury Lane, and I have often noticed a poor boy, who is, I believe, a crossing-sweeper; but he lives in the part of the building we have not undertaken so far; quite the poorest part. Well, to-day he was sitting on the old steps of the house just as I was going in, and suddenly he waylaid me, and, with a most honest blush, asked me if I would write something for him."

"A letter?"

"Not at all. After considerable thinking, he dictated just these words; 'Put your bright stones away safe, and look out for thieves.' I assure you I was quite startled; but I could not induce the boy to say any more. He took the paper with the mysterious words, thanked me, and disappeared as quickly as possible."

It so chanced that a young lawyer was present, who listened very attentively to the young lady, and who later took down from her the street and number and some description of poor Rob. The young man had, as he afterward said, a strong feeling that something more would come of it; and so, without knowing it, Rob had set a friend to work to help him in protecting "his house" and "the family."

Rob's own plan was a very simple one. He arose and joined the chimney-sweeps in apparently very good spirits, and did really enjoy being dressed up in a gaudy hat and coat, with artificial flowers stuck here and there; and then, in the first freshness of the sweet May morning, they started out. They set up their pole and danced at several houses, receiving cakes and money or glasses of beer from nearly every one; and at last, with a quickly beating heart, Rob saw that "his house" was to come next. The oldest of the sweeps had instructed him to dance up and down before the lower windows of the house, and then to knock at the front door boldly and ask—as sweeps on May-day are allowed to do—for the mistress of the house to whom he was to offer one of the gaudy sort of garlands they had made, if she appeared. If she did not, he was to feign illness, and be, no doubt, admitted into the house, upon which the sweeps were to rush in to their little comrade's aid, which would enable them to make a survey of the room on the ground floor and find out, of course, if the family were at home. If away, one sweep was to conceal himself by good management in the room, the chimney of which he had so recently cleaned, and "lay in wait" for them to return with the "shining stones" Rob had seen.

Now, I must tell you that all this time the young lawyer had followed Rob and his party, and the manœuvres in front of Colonel G——'s house at once attracted his attention. Colonel G—— was a friend of his, and he did not hesitate in slipping around to the servants' entrance, and, summoning the butler, desired him to let him answer Rob's knock, in his place. Accordingly when Rob, pale with anxiety, and holding his garland, appeared, this gentleman received him, and at once drew him into the house. Rob knew well he would have to go through the pretense of seeming suddenly ill, but in his garland he had stuffed the paper with the young lady's written words upon it, and, as he offered the flowers to the gentleman, he whispered:

"Take care of the piece of paper," after which he began his little farce. The sweeps rushed in, and all would have gone on as they had planned it, but for Rob's message. While the sweeps were bewailing Rob's apparent illness, the young lawyer had contrived to summon two policemen from outside, and before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, the entire party were under arrest. Rob was obliged to tell all he knew in the police court, although he quaked with terror at so doing, not in the least knowing that "the family" would protect him from the vengeance of all the rough people where he and Joey lived. But he understood it an hour later, when the young master of the house came up to thank him; when Joey was sent for, and the two boys were conducted, in a half-dazed condition, to "Rob's house," to be surrounded by "the family," all eager to see and thank the little crossing-sweeper, to remember that they had noticed him often, had watched his industrious little broom.

Now, if this were not a true story, how much that would be romantic I might introduce! But I think that, after all, the real ending was very pleasant and wholesome. Little Joey was placed in an excellent "Home" in Kensington, where he was almost entirely cured, and taught a good trade, and Rob was made entirely happy by being taken into the service of "the family," at their country place in Kent, where I saw him one day, a year or two later, watering the plants in the garden, evidently as much interested in a fine day and plenty of sunshine as he used to be in rainy weather and a fog. When the story was told me, and the "white stones," as Rob called them, were duly inspected, and I heard their story—how they had come down through an honorable line of ancestry, and flashed at court for three centuries—it was May-day again, and a very honest looking little group of sweeps were dancing out upon the pavement, expecting, with good reason, their usual gratuity of pence and half-pence; "for," as my friend said, turning from the open window, with the spray of hawthorn given her by the "Jack in the Green," "one dishonest sweep doesn't ruin all the trade, any more than one swallow makes the summer." And May-day is too full of happy, blooming episodes to have one little cloud affect it.—*N. Y. Independent.*

JOHN BRIGHT.

HIS LIFE AND WORK.

On the 27th of March last, John Bright, the great, "Tribune of the People," as men loved to call him, passed to his reward. All his preceding illness was borne with great patience and cheerfulness and although in his 78th year his faculties were almost unimpaired, and his interest in the affairs of the outside world were manifested to the last. On the 29th, a whole session of the House of Commons was devoted to eulogies of the departed member.

To know Mr. Bright, writes a Parliamentary friend to the *London Christian World*, one must study the teaching of the Society of Friends, must listen to the echoes in the Friends' Meeting-house, and stand in the Friends' grave-yard of Rochdale, where his father, a Quaker of Quakers, lies buried. He died in 1851, and for more than 45 years John Bright was his eldest surviving son. He and his children regarded Christianity as a religion of good-will and kind affections, and believed that whatever diminishes good-will and kind affections is hostile. He held with Robert Hall that 'War is nothing less than a temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue.' He never once forgot that of all the benedictions of the Mount the most emphatic is that pronounced upon the work of the peacemakers. I do not believe that any power on earth could have impelled Mr. Bright to take up arms, or to have sent a fellow-creature to the scaffold.

Such was part of the moral anchorage to which Mr. Bright was attached all through life. His schoolboy days ended in his sixteenth year, and then for another sixteen years, at the end of which he entered Parliament for Durham, he worked in the mill and the counting-house at Rochdale, and was known on the Manchester Exchange as a prudent and thoughtful young man of business. The sense of his rare endowment of power to affect the welfare of mankind came very early. Such faultless taste in language; such faculty of concentrating scorn, hatred, and defiance; such unvarying self-respect; such reserve, the sure accompaniment of personal dignity; a play and power of voice as different from that of ordinary speech as is the touch of musical genius from the untaught misuse of the finest instruments—this was the partner of those teachings of sublime justice which helped Mr. Bright to the front rank among Englishmen.

From first to last he was exceedingly careful of his reputation.

He was never slipshod; never in a hurry to speak—he must have declined more invitations to the platform than any other man. He could not present himself with a mind unfurnished, and he exercised constant though very simple art in speaking. The distinguishing mark in Mr. Bright's career is that he remained so true throughout to this simple dignity of life. He was always studious and so true to the principles of his early home. As a young man he took great interest in the Literary and Philosophic Society of Rochdale; and after raising a discussion on the best form of Government, proposed "that a limited monarchy is best suited for this country at the present time," a sentiment true to his latest convictions. He also proposed to his fellow youths at Rochdale "that the moral tendency of public amusements such as the theatre, circus, &c., is injurious." In the greater part of his life Mr. Bright lived among those who would have voted against this resolution, but though he was never austere or Pharisaical, he always shunned such amusements. These opinions, deep and sincere, were upheld by him in a manner absolutely void of offence.

Mr. Bright's public life resembled the composition of his speeches in the happy arrangement of its parts. The period of eager and impetuous manhood broke out in 1837, when, indignant at the iniquity of compulsion upon Nonconformists to pay church rate, he poured his most eloquent wrath upon the Establishment. He never attacked church creeds. He held that it was the preference and union of the civil power which made the Establishment. This fight took place after he had been strengthened by travels extending to Athens and Alexandria. 'Oh! Religion,' he said 'what crimes have been committed in thy name!' 'They did not hesitate to take away the family Bible to satisfy the unholy cravings of the church.' He predicted the time would soon arrive 'when men will wonder that a monopoly ever existed which ordained State priests 'sole vendors of the lore that works salvation."' Mr. Bright was really guided and governed by the golden rule of Christian life. He hated Establishments, firstly, because they are false 'to the book which contains the injunction —"Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you."' He challenged any one 'to say that the United States are less religious,' and declared that the Bible could not justify 'a party which had invariably sacrificed the masses for the purpose of self-aggrandizement, and which dared by the iniquitous Corn Law, to arrest the course of heaven which showered down plenty upon the human race.' Here we see that ten years before the triumph of the Anti-Corn Law League, that great cause enters his speech.

In 1839 he married, and Mrs. Clark, his only child by that union, has been his devoted nurse. In that year, too, he built "One Ash." He rarely spoke to political friends of his domestic life, but when he had lived 20 years in "One Ash," he touched the House of Commons by reference to the 'half-dozen little children playing upon my hearth. How many members are there who can say with me that the most innocent, the most pure, the most holy joy which in their last years they have hoped for, has not arisen from contact with our precious children?' In September, 1841, Mrs. Bright died at Leamington, where Cobden was then staying on a visit to some relatives. The two Free Traders had often met before. Their first acquaintance arose when Cobden accepted an invitation from Mr. Bright to address a meeting in the Baptist Chapel at Rochdale on Education. That was in 1837; and Cobden stayed the night in the house of Mr. Bright's father.

These two differed greatly. It would be easy to write pages upon their points of character. I have seen both at their best. Bright excelled Cobden in dignity, reserve, and, I think, in judgment. Cobden was sweetly persuasive; Bright invincibly eloquent. Cobden called at the house of mourning in Leamington, where Mr. Bright wrote: 'All that was left on earth of my young wife, except the memory of a sainted life, and of a too brief happiness, was lying still and cold in the chamber above us. "Now," he said, "when the first paroxysm of your grief is past I would advise you to come with me, and we will never rest till the Corn Law is repealed." I accepted his invitation. . . . For five years or more (1841-46) we devoted ourselves without stint.' In that time (1843) occurred the Durham election. Mr Bright opposed, and was defeated by, Lord Dungannon. In his address he said, 'At this moment there are 1,300,000 paupers in England and Wales.' Now, greatly in consequence of Mr. Bright's policy, the number has fallen to about 800,000, in a population greater by 10,000,000. Lord Dungannon was unseated on a petition, and Mr. Bright was elected after a second contest, his opponent being a barrister named Purvis.

Mr. Bright's first speech in the House of Commons was delivered on the 7th August, 1343, in which he said of the Corn Law: 'I protest against the injustice of a law that enriches the rich and cares nothing for the poor.' Looking to Mr. Gladstone, then President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Bright said: 'He knows what is right, and he refuses to do it.' The headquarters of the League were in Manchester, and for that city, in company with Mr. Milner-Gibson, Mr. Bright was returned to Parliament without opposition, after the victory over the Corn Law in 1847.

JOHN BRIGHT.

He was, perhaps, most eloquent in opposing the Crimean war, which led to his transfer, in 1857, from Manchester to Birmingham. War appeared to him as a form of popular and national insanity. That countries having a difference should send a collection of armed men to fight and bleed and die upon a question of which they were, perhaps, utterly ignorant, was, to one of Mr. Bright's training, a crime so awful, that for the sake of charity it leaned to the assumption of madness. To him, regarding

In 1856 Mr. Bright was ill at Algiers; in the spring of 1857, at Nice, the widow of the Czar Nicholas requested the famous advocate of peace to call upon her. He was too unwell to take part in the general election of that year, when Manchester rejected his addresses. From Florence came his farewell to the ungrateful city. He was neither broken nor bent by his defeat. 'I am free, and will remain free,' he told the constituents who had deserted him, 'from any share in the needless and guilty bloodshed of that melancholy chapter in the annals of my country.' John Milton, whom he thought 'perhaps the foremost name in English political history,' described 'the charges for war as draining the veins of the body to supply ulcers.' He repeated with fierce delight what Wilberforce said of 'the noxious race of heroes and conquerors,' and never to his latest hour did Mr. Bright abandon the belief that some day wars will be no more.

But when his sorrowing and grateful countrymen make their full and final review of the life of Mr. Bright I am disposed to think it is as the champion of Parliamentary Reform that he will be specially remembered. Mr. Bright's monument is the sovereignty of the English people, gained as he would wish it to have been won, without bloodshed. But he was always quite as eager to educate as to advance the people. He was filled with anxiety that they should be intelligent and virtuous as well as powerful. 'Take care that your children go to school,' he said. 'Depend upon it, if you support the school, the school will compensate you.'

And again, 'If you send your children to school, you will also produce this great result, that you will do much to build up the fabric of the greatness and the glory of your country upon the sure foundation of an intelligent and a Christian people.

Mr. Bright has always been fond of Scotland, of salmon fishing, and of Skye terriers. In the Reform period his opponents were likened by him to one of these dogs, because it was hard sometimes to tell which was the head and which the tail, and in his last illness, when one of these faithful animals lay upon his bed, he pointed with pathetic humor to how they, in desperate cases, curled themselves together and 'made both ends meet.'

I never knew a man so nobly free from covetousness, so loftily superior to any desire to obtain public money or honor for himself, so disdainful of those opportunities, which many do not scruple to accept, for turning the power of his position to the advantage of himself. He never gave a subscription merely to support his position as a Member of Parliament. I believe he never paid the costs of an election. He never feasted his supporters, and though favored with the special regard of the Queen, what he said in 1858—'I am no frequenter of Courts'—remained true to the end of his career. When Mr. Gladstone formed his Cabinet in 1868, he heard from Her Majesty, before communicating with Mr. Bright, that she would welcome Mr. Bright to her service, and the Prime Minister offered the place of Secretary of State for India. Mr. Bright said something in reply as to his insecure health and strength, but his refusal was really dictated, as he himself confessed, by his ideas of Christian principles. 'I should have been in a wrong place, holding the views which I have held from my youth upwards, if I had connected myself distinctly with the conduct of the great military departments of the Indian Government.' So he took the Board of Trade, saying modestly, 'In that office I may do a little good, and perhaps I may prevent some harm.'

The part Mr. Bright afterwards took upon the Irish question is well-known. The time has not yet arrived for writing the history of the division in the Liberal party. Whenever I think of the matter in connection with Mr. Bright, I silence any premature judgment by recalling his own words: 'There is a question far greater than whether this or that Cabinet shall be in office. It is whether the people of England have raised themselves to such a height of political intelligence and to such a sense of political justice, as to induce them to deal fairly and honorably, and as they would like to be dealt with themselves, by the Irish nation.' His memory will ever be honored by his countrymen as that of one of the noblest of Englishmen, and just as the people accepted and adopted Peel's claim to be 'remembered with expressions of good will in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labor,' so will they gratefully enshrine in their hearts and upon his monuments, these words of Mr. Bright's: 'I need not tell you that my clients have not been generally the rich and the great, but rather the poor and the lowly. They cannot give me place and dignities and wealth, but honorable service in their cause yields me that which is of far higher and more lasting value—the consciousness that I have labored to expound and uphold laws which, though they were not given amid the thunders of Sinai, are not less the commandments of God.'

THE HARPER GIRLS.

Helen Harper had gotten the better of the day at last. There was no denying that it was very warm, and she had said so, for at least a dozen times since noon. Despite its being August and very warm, there were several things for Helen to do; she was at this moment being waited for with a sort of feverish impatience, by a sick friend, to whom the August heats, increased as they were for her by a wearing, nervous fever, were almost unbearable. She had looked forward for an hour, to the coming of Helen Harper in her dress of white, looking cool and fresh. And when the afternoon dragged its slow length along and Helen did not come, the poor fevered girl, who had expected that she would bring a flower, and perhaps a book, and read to her, cried outright.

It was not that Helen had forgotten. Twice in the course of the hour in which she had lounged about the piazzas looking for coolness, her mother had said, first: "I thought you were to go and sit with Alice Wood this afternoon;" and then, "Helen, I am afraid poor Alice will be greatly disappointed; it must be very warm for her, too." And Helen had answered, "I was, but it is too warm to think of going out, yet a while, at least. The only reasonable thing one could do on such an afternoon as this, would be to have a row down the shady side of the river; and that I can't have, because we have no boat. I think it's too mean for anything." And a little later, "O dear, mamma! I really can't go now; it will not make Alice any cooler to have me there." And her mother had sighed, and made no answer.

At last, as I tell you, Helen had composed herself in the hammock and was really having a good time. She dreamed that she went to see Alice Wood, and took her a cool-looking rose, and a juicy orange, and fanned her, and read some lovely bits from the latest magazine to her. These pleasant and unselfish ministrations wreathed her face in such quiet beauty, that her mother, passing the hammock soon after, said to herself, "How pretty Helen looks when she is asleep. Poor child, I do hope the luxuries with which our love surrounds her, are not simply making her selfish."

Meantime the older sister, Laura, was having almost as miserable a time over the weather as Helen. She had gotten as far in her afternoon toilet as to dress her back hair becomingly, then tie a bit of gauze around the front frizzes, as she told them it was "too hot to touch them!" "I just can't get dressed," she said languidly; "there is no use in trying. Not a breath of air stirring, go where I may. As if anybody in the world could be expected to go to a missionary meeting on an August afternoon!" And she took her fan, and dropped a limp heap into one of the easy chairs in her room, and closed her eyes and groaned. It was there her mother found her, half an hour later. She had come to remind her that it was time for the missionary meeting, and that the ladies would depend on her for music. But she closed the door again, quietly. No use to remind a sleeping girl, with no dress at all on her, that it was quite time to start for missionary meeting. "They will have to do without her," the mother said with a sigh; "I wonder why it is that my girls are so wilted with warm weather? They are as well as other girls; and I didn't use to feel so."

Perhaps it was fifteen minutes afterwards, that she softly opened the door of Elva's room. Elva was her youngest daughter. She was neatly dressed, and was bending over a small work table, intent on taking an "impression" of a lovely leaf from a choice foliage plant.

Around her were grouped a variety of successful impressions, done on satin paper, and ready to be mounted, or gathered in a portfolio.

"Child!" said her mother, "how can you work in such warm weather?"

"O, mamma! it is such pretty work; when I get really interested I forget how warm it is."

"But this is the warmest afternoon we have had; and what little air there is, is on the other side of the house."

"I suppose so; I didn't mean to work long; but some of the leaves are just in perfection now, and I wanted to catch them. Besides, you know, next Thursday will be Alice Wood's birthday; and I did want to get this collection ready for her, and let her have so much of the summer. But I have nearly finished for to-day. Can I do anything for you, mamma?"

"Not for me," said Mrs. Harper, smiling, "but perhaps you can for yourself. Don't you want a row down the river to cool you? Weston Moore has called to say there is room in his party for one more, and they are going to picnic on the island."

"Oh! how lovely," and Elva sprang up so suddenly as to almost overturn the little work table. "But, mamma, how does it happen that the good fortune falls to me? Where is Helen?"

"Asleep in the hammock, only partly dressed, and Weston is in haste."

"Oh! what a pity. She was longing for a row down the river, only this morning. But where is Laura?"

"Asleep in her room, not dressed at all."

Elva laughed. "What sleepy heads!" she said. "I haven't thought of such a thing as being sleepy. Well, I'm sorry for them, but delighted to go. Will you have Marie put up a lunch for me, mamma?"

"Elva has absorbed the energy that belongs to all three," Mrs. Harper explained to her husband that evening, as she was accounting for the child's absence. "She is just as bright as a bird all these warm days, and is busy from morning till night doing something for somebody, while the others can do nothing but lounge around, and think how warm they are. I don't understand it."

"I do," said the father, as he unfolded the evening paper. "The other two are up until midnight half the nights in the week, and Elva goes to bed at nine o'clock; that accounts for two thirds of it, and you accounted for the other third. They think of themselves, and she thinks of others."

Are my Blossoms acquainted with the Harper girls? Having now been introduced, keep your eyes wide open, and be sure to recognize them when you meet them.—*Pansy.*

Some of the things that Tommy is during the day
A Little Boy
A Steam engine
A Spirited Steed
An Indian Chief
A Band of Music
A Roaring Lion

A WORD FOR ALL.

BY GEO. H. DE KAY.

It was Sunday evening in one of our large Western cities. The meeting was over, and the happy, smiling faces of the young people, as they gathered here and there in the lecture-room, showed how much they had enjoyed it. And well they might; it had been a good meeting, and they were an earnest set of young people, endeavoring to make their prayer-meetings pleasant places for all.

But Frank White rose from his seat in the rear of the room, feeling dissatisfied and unpleasant. He was a young man, and almost a stranger in the city. Years before, in his Eastern home, he had confessed Christ, and taken a stand among his people; but, in one way and another, he had grown cold and fallen away, and now for nearly ten years he had never publicly confessed his Master.

He had been attracted to these young people's meetings, and felt his heart warmed as he listened to the testimonies of one after another. But this was his third Sunday evening there, and no one had welcomed him. He was lonely in the great city, and felt the need of friends, yet, with the feeling so common to all among strangers, he shrank from making any advances.

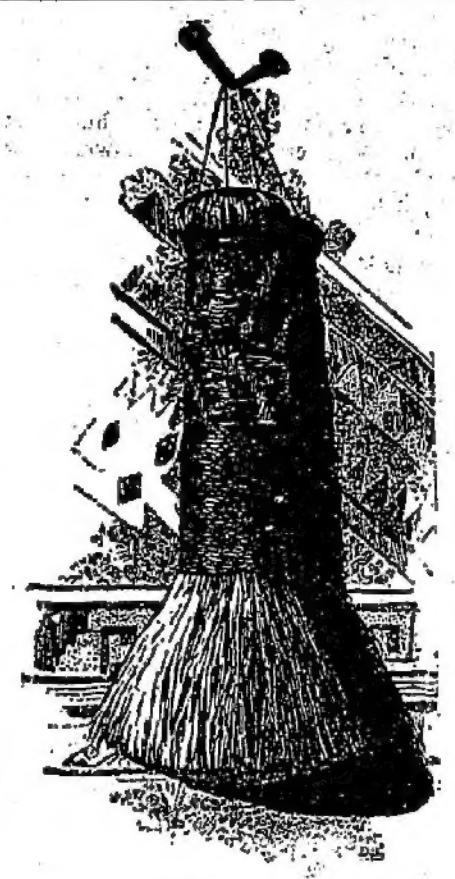
In the past few weeks he had been hesitating between two ways. The still small voice called him back to the better way, but his temptations were many, and to-night he was nearly won to them. The friendly greetings he heard among the others seemed but to increase his loneliness, and irritated him, and with a bitter feeling in his heart he started to leave the church, forever, he told himself.

Next Sunday he would join the other boys in the shop, who had so cordially invited him to share their fun at the seashore. He had nearly reached the door when a cheerful "Good evening!" checked him, and he turned to see from whom the greeting came. It was Mary Travis, who had noticed the stranger, and, finding herself near him, felt impelled to speak. Extending her hand, she added pleasantly, "I see you are a stranger. I noticed you here last Sunday evening, and am glad to see you here again. We would like to have you join us; I'm sure you will like us after you get a little acquainted." And then, half afraid she had been too forward, she turned and left him. But the little act was not lost. The kindly smile, the warm handshake, and the Christian greeting had driven out the bitter feeling. "I will come again," thought Frank, as he descended the steps. And he did.

Soon his voice was heard in testimony, and ere long he became an active member of the society and an earnest worker among the mission schools. No one knew, for months, the battle which had been decided by those few kind words, and Mary Travis never imagined the work she had done for the Master that night.

It is a work we all can do. Let us be "on the look-out" for the strangers among us; speak to them. God will as surely bless the "Welcome, brother," as he will our prayers, if it be given for his sake.—*Golden Rule.*

"So smile on friend and foe,
That they who hating came
Will loving go."



QUESTIONS.

Can you put the spider's web back in place
That once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the bough
Which fell at our feet to-day?
Can you put the lily-cup back on the stem,
And cause it to live and grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken wing
That you crushed with a hasty blow?
Can you put the bloom again on the grape,
And the grape again on the vine?
Can you put the dewdrops back on the flowers,
And make them sparkle and shine?
Can you put the petals back on the rose?
If you could, would it smell as sweet?
Can you put the flour again in the husk,
And show me the ripened wheat?
Can you put the kernel again in the nut,
Or the broken egg in the shell?
Can you put the honey back in the comb,
And cover with wax each cell?
Can you put the perfume back in the vase
When once it has sped away?
Can you put the corn-silk back on the corn,
Or down on the catkins? say.
You think my questions are trifling, dear?
Let me ask another one:
Can a hasty word ever be unsaid,
Or a deed unkind undone?

—*Wide Awake.*

VEGETABLE NEEDLE AND THREAD.

A friend of mine, says a writer in *St. Nicholas*, who was travelling in Mexico not long since, says that across the Rio Grande where the maguey-plant, shown in the accompanying picture, grows wild, it is called the "needle-and-thread plant." The Indian boys search for it and, on finding one with dark-brown thorns, they grasp the thickened end, and, with a quick jerk, pull out the spines, or needles, with their sinewy fibres, or threads, attached.

In some varieties, these woody thorns crowd so closely upon one another that there is not more than an inch of space between any two, and the little copper-skinned native often pricks his fingers badly while gathering the sharp needles.

When they have collected a large quantity, they carry them home, and the mother hangs them on lines in front of the low adobe hut. After a few hours' exposure to the sun, the juice dries out, and the needles and threads are ready for use.

"At the railway stations near Monterey," says my friend, "I saw an interesting sight. On the floor were piles of cloth made from the coarser fibres of the maguey and woven in a loom of simplest device, similar to that in which the Chinese manufacture their matting.

"Here, in his leather costume, sat an Indian, folding bags in which pecan-nuts are exported to New York and other cities. Scattered around him were scores of these natural needles. He used them to join three sides of the bag with a sort of cross-stitch. They were then filled with the nuts, and closed at the top with a twine twisted from the same fibre."

How many vexations a little Mexican girl may be spared in making her doll's wardrobe by the use of this slender, eyeless needle, "not hard to pull through," and a thread that never comes out, because it has grown there, and will never twist nor get into a snarl! Kind Nature has supplied this half-civilized people, who are not ingenious enough to invent intricate machinery to produce these articles, with a needle that never breaks, already filled with many threads.

One of the most curious uses of this thread is the making of a hair-brush from it. The shape of the brush is like that of a curtain-tassel, and it is made from the fibres doubled over and tied around with a twine. Once a week the squaw has the task of combing her husband's long raven locks with this brush. She sits on a rude bench, her spouse at her feet, while she humbly performs this household duty. He then returns her kindness and carefully smooths her glossy hair.

PLEDGED.

It was a hard-looking crowd; three or four rough men standing in front of what appeared to be a rude shed or hovel, but which was a saloon. Now a saloon originally meant a "spacious and elegant apartment for the reception of company," but the most of you know that the word has come to have a very different application; and when we speak of the saloon, in these days, we mean chiefly a place where liquor is sold, and many times the place is far from spacious or elegant. Mike Rooney's place of business was narrow, dingy, dirty, and vile-smelling. And yet these men spent both time and money in that same unwholesome place! Without doubt, all were much the worse for their visit that morning, but one showed more plainly than the others the sort of entertainment to be had inside. While the others looked on and laughed occasionally, he was loud and boisterous, staggering about, swearing at the saloon-keeper who, he said, had robbed him, at his companions, and at two boys who were trying to persuade him to go home. These boys were the sons of the drunkard, and fearing that their father would get into a fight with his cronies, they wanted to get him away. It was not easy to accomplish their purpose, but at length they succeeded in getting him started; but they could not prevent him every now and then taking a drink from a small bottle he carried in his pocket, and long before they reached home he was so overcome that he sank down by the roadside, and the boys were unable to get him up.

"There is only one thing to do," said the older boy. "I will watch father while you go to the house for a blanket to put over him. Before you go we will roll him out of the road into the fence corner, and when we have covered him up we must go to our work."

"Dear! it seems dreadful to leave him so," said the younger boy.

"I know it; but it's dreadful to have him get so we have to leave him. I wish there wasn't a drop of whiskey in the world! If I had my way I'd burn up all the places where they make it, and sink such places as Rooney's in the ocean so deep that they'd never come up!"

Presently Joe came back with the blanket, and the boys, having made their father as comfortable as they could, were obliged to leave him, knowing that in all probability he would sleep off his stupor, and come home at night tolerably sober, unless he went back to Rooney's.

As the boys were busy hoeing the few rows of potatoes they had been able to plant that spring, Joe said suddenly, "Say, Jack, don't people sometimes put their names to a paper that binds them not to drink any whiskey ever?"

"I don't know. Seems to me I have heard of something of the sort. Why?"

"Well, I thought if there should be such a thing, you and I better fix it so that we would never come to the place where father is. Don't you think so?"

"Maybe," said Jack. "I am going to ask mother when we go to the house."

The mother being appealed to, told the boys that long ago, in the place where she came from, she had seen what they called temperance pledges, but she said she had never heard of any one in their part of the country signing one. And she added: "We've been here now going on ten years, and in all that time I've never heard a sermon, nor seen a minister, nor heard of a temperance man. I declare, I had almost forgotten that there were such things."

"I'll tell you what I am going to do," said Joe that afternoon, "I am going to write out a pledge, as mother calls it, and put my name to it. I shall never feel safe until I have bound myself not to touch liquor. I don't mean to be like the men around here."

And with a piece of pencil and a scrap of paper, Joe wrote out his temperance pledge, the like of which was never seen anywhere. It ran thus: "I ain't never going ter drink any whiskey, nor gin, nor any cider nuther; I ain't going ter go inter any places where they drinks it, bekase I don't wanter be a drunkard and go staggering around. I am going ter be a teetotler."

"That is what mother says they called folks as drinks only water," he explained, pointing to the last word of his unique pledge. "I didn't know how to spell it, but I know what it means;" and he signed his name, saying, "There, now I feel safe. You won't ever catch me at Mike Rooney's. Jack, put down your name."

Five, ten years have passed. The other day one who has known them always, said: "It is a wonder those Martin boys are temperance men. Why, their father was very intemperate, and died from the effects of liquor. But both the boys are set against drinking, even moderately, and against the traffic. Jack told me he did not believe in license at all, high or low, and Joe carries his pocket full of pledges, which he tries to persuade every boy he meets to sign. He says that signing a pledge saved him.—*Faye Huntington in Pansy.*

NOT GIVE UP, BUT TAKE.

Ernest Trevor, a young man, rich, handsome, in high social position, and living what the world calls a life of pleasure, was greatly discomfited when Arthur Elleslie, an old college chum, arrived in town completely changed from his old tastes and manner of life.

Completely spoiled Ernest thought him, but the spell of an old friendship was strong, and Arthur evidently would not be shaken off. He continually "dropped in" at his friend's chambers, his bright face wearing such an expression of calm joy that Ernest, whose head was often aching from late hours, could not help a feeling of envy. And yet Arthur never lectured, never dogmatized, but, after telling straight out the story of his conversion, he left the leaven to work, only aiding it now and then by a little warmth of kindly influence or protest.

The only persistence he showed was in the attempt to bring Ernest into the family circle where he had received so much blessing; but Ernest, knowing from Arthur's case that their religion was "infectious," would not go. At length, however, he yielded, and was startled by the refinement, and intellectual culture, and social grace he found there.

During the evening he found himself tete-a-tete with the ringleader—as he mentally termed her—of all this spiritual fuss and excitement, and thinking to forestall any remark of hers, he said in his pleasant, graceful, way,—

"I know what you will say to me, 'Give up the world, give up this pleasure and the other;' now I wish to tell you frankly that I don't intend to give up anything."

She flashed upon him a quick look of surprise. "Excuse me, Mr. Trevor, I was not going to ask you to give up anything; I had thought of asking you to have something—I did wish to ask you to have the love of Christ in your heart, and any giving up would be left entirely to yourself."

And then the conversation was turned to other subjects; but all through the evening, through the whirling dance of a fashionable rout that followed in its later hours, there came like a sweet refrain the words, "have something, have the love of Christ."

They seemed to master him, to drive him, with a magical constraint, away from that gay scene, away to his own room, where, kneeling by his bed, "the powers of the world to come" upon him, he cried, with the intense earnestness of an awakened soul,—"O God, if there be a God, reveal thyself to me!" Need we doubt the answer? His whole consequent life, consecrated, joyous, soul-winning, has testified to its reality.—*English Paper.*

KNEEL TOGETHER.

"How shall we keep our boys in sympathy with prayer and religious services as they grow toward mature years?" This question referred particularly to mothers, and was answered by a mother, who said: "As soon as my boy was old enough, I taught him to pray, kneeling at my side. The time came when he grew too large for this, and with a pang I felt a breach coming between us. However, before the separation came, I asked myself, 'Instead of kneeling by me, why can't he kneel with me?' At this thought a burden seemed lifted, and from that time we knelt and prayed together. The boy was led to see how friends kneel together, how his father knelt with me. What such people could do he could. He is now nearly a man, but he has never shown any reluctance to say his prayers with me. Our petitions are short, but they serve to hold us together and to God."—*Golden Rule.*

THE STRAYED LAMB.

A little lamb, one afternoon,
Had from the fold departed;
The tender Shepherd missed it soon,
And sought it broken-hearted.

Not all the flock that shared his love
Could from the search delay him,
Nor clouds of midnight darkness move,
Nor fear of suffering stay him.

But night and day he went his way,
In sorrow till he found it,
And when he saw it fainting lay,
He clasped his arms around it.

And closely sheltered in his breast,
From every ill to save it,
He took it to his home of rest,
And pitied and forgave it.

And thus the Saviour will receive
The littleones who trust him;
Their pains remove, their sins forgive,
And draw them gently near him—

Blest while they live; and when they die,
When soul and body sever,
Conduct them to his home on high,
To dwell with him forever.

—*Selected.*

THE DOOR-MAT CHRISTIAN.

BY REV. WILLIAM HASLAM, M. A.

(*Author of "From Death into Life."*)

I went to a place to preach in rotation with others. The friend who invited me, in course of conversation, said "By the way, what are you going to preach about to-night."

I said, "Have they ever heard about door-mat Christians?"

"No," he replied, "what may they be?"

I answered, "Let your curiosity rise to tip-toe in expectation, and I will tell you at the proper time."

"No," he said, "my curiosity is roused quite enough now; tell me at once."

"Suppose," I said, "a great man invited you to dinner, and suppose you are a very humble-minded individual; that is, one who thinks much of yourself and your humility. You have received the invitation, and wish to accept it; but you are really so unworthy! You imagine that the master of the house knows nothing about your unfitness. You walk up and down outside the house, saying, 'I am invited to this great mansion, but how can such as I go in?' At last, you go up trembling to the door, and give a timid single knock, like a beggar, or rather, such as beggars used to give. When the door is opened, you ask if you may enter, though you have been invited to the feast. You are bidden to come in, and assured again and again of your welcome; but still you remain standing on the door-mat, wondering whether you have any good reason for being there.

"Something keeps telling you that you are not accepted. All this time the door is open behind you, filling the house with cold air. Your worldly friends outside look on and wonder what you are doing there on the door-mat. You have been bidden to come to the dining-hall and to the banquet, but you shrink back for fear and feel your unworthiness. You have some hope that you may get to the great banquet when you die! Think what a troublesome guest you would be, and how unwelcome too, if you are not to come to dinner till you are dead!"

"Oh," said my friend, "I begin to see what your drift is now. You mean to say that we bring the invited guests just inside the door of salvation and leave them there, instead of bringing them to the banqueting hall."

"Yes, indeed," I said, "and I mean even more than that. If you will look at the story of the prodigal, you will see that there are five things provided for him, and that they are all ready. There is the kiss of reconciliation or pardon, the robe, the ring, the shoes, and the fatted calf. No wonder that young converts are not satisfied or satisfactory, when five such things are provided, and they only take one.

"Supposing a legacy were left you in five figures, 12,345—twelve thousand three hundred and forty-five pounds. You go to prove the will, and, because of your humility, you only take five pounds. Would that satisfy you?"

"I expect," said my friend, "I am one of your door-mat Christians. I do not think I am further than that. Like the prodigal son, I was a long time making resolutions and wishing; but when I arose to go to my Father, he met me and forgave my sins. There I have stopped."

"St. Paul tells us," I said, "'that through this man, Christ Jesus, is preached forgiveness of sins, and by him all that believe,' that is all like you, who have received forgiveness, 'are justified.' As surely as you have received your welcome, there is the best robe for you."

"What is that?" asked my friend.

"Our robe," I replied, "is our justification before God, our being accounted righteous for Christ's sake, as if we had not sinned. Being justified by faith we have peace with God, we have access to our Father in heaven, and we rejoice in the hope of the glory of God.

"Next, there is the ring for our hand, a token of our oneness with Christ now, as we were one with Adam before. His God is our God, and his Father ours. We are united to him, as a bride is united with her husband.

"Then there are the shoes for our feet, to protect us from the flints and thorns of this world. While we are in the body we come into contact with the world, just as our feet touch the ground upon which we stand. We need this protection, and it is provided for us by and in the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Lastly, we have the fatted calf, the feast of communion with the Father, in the gift of his beloved Son for us. He so loved us that he gave us his Son, and we love him in consequence, and so feast and rejoice with him in the banqueting house, where the banner over us is love!"

My friend was evidently thinking, and was silent. I therefore continued, "When you see a rejoicing Christian, one who is not afraid or ashamed to tell what the Lord has done for his soul, you see a man in the banquet. Such an one recommends it, and is not content to feast alone, but longs for others to come and partake with him of his Lord's bounty. It is as free for them as for him."

"I do not wonder now," said my friend, "at the doubts and misgivings I am subject to. I am nothing but a door-mat Christian! I have been trying my best to make myself happy by doing all the good I could to other people. How may I enter into all these privileges?"

I answered: "You may have them as freely as you received pardon. You received that by simple faith, by the same faith you may rejoice in your justification before God, and realize your oneness with Christ, the protection of his grace, and the fulness of his blessing. It is all provided and offered together, though you enter into the experience of these several blessings one by one, progressively. Why take five pounds, when you may have twelve thousand three hundred and forty-five?"—*The Christian.*

A REMEDY FOR POVERTY.

The money that drink takes from a man's pocket is the least of its robberies. It takes also his power to replace the money. Brain cells, nerves, tissues, muscles are all impaired, and in the end the victim becomes physically, mentally, and morally utterly incompetent as a wage earner. It is because Prohibition strikes at this cause of individual debasement that as a remedy for poverty it stands forth the unapproachable chief. The single tax will not do this.—*Zion's Advocate.*

NEW CLUB RATES.

The following are the NEW CLUB RATES for the MESSENGER, which are considerably reduced:

1 copy					$ 0 30
10 copies to one address					2 25
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JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Publishers, Montreal.

MONTREAL DAILY WITNESS, $3.00 a year, post-paid. MONTREAL WEEKLY WITNESS, $1.00 a year, post-paid. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal, Que.

DOMINION PRIZE COMPETITION.

THE STORIES SENT TO THE JUDGES—THEIR NUMBER—WHERE THEY COME FROM—WHAT THEY ARE ABOUT—WHAT WILL BE DONE WITH THEM.

One thousand one hundred and ninety-three stories have been received in the Dominion competition. This is a great many, yet we expected more. There should have been more out of above ten thousand schools. Still, we are not dissatisfied. On the contrary, the results have been more than satisfactory. In the first place every Province is represented. In the second, a very casual observation shows that there are *many really good stories amongst them.* Our readers will be pleased at this, for we purpose printing some of them in the *Witness*, and others in the *Messenger*, and giving portraits of the young authors too, if we can get them, and possibly in some cases of the persons directly interested in the events. Of the stories

Newfoundland sends		12
Prince Edward Island sends		72
New Brunswick	"	121
Nova Scotia	"	107
Quebec	"	131
Ontario	"	703
Manitoba, &c.	"	30
British Columbia	"	17

The ratio between the number of contributors and the English-speaking population of the Canadian provinces, according to the census of 1881, is as follows:

In Prince Edward Island, one contributor for			621
" New Brunswick,	"	"	2,020
" Nova Scotia,	"	"	3,200
" Quebec,	"	"	2,000
" Ontario,	"	"	2,050
" Manitoba,	"	"	1,237
" British Columbia,	"	"	311

If this ratio proves nothing else it proves how widespread the circulation of the *Witness* and *Messenger* are, and how thoroughly Canadian is its constituency.

What are they about? About pretty nearly everything—hunting adventures, adventures on the rivers and lakes, lumbering adventures, love stories, adventures in the early wars, clearing the forest and making farms, in fact nearly everything in the history and progress of this country that one can think of. The "Boys' and Girls' Stories" Column of the *Messenger* will be an interesting one this year. We want the boys and girls to work for their paper by getting subscribers for it, so that their friends may read these stories. The post card scheme, advertised in this number, is a good one. Will they try it?

THE POST CARD SCHEME.

AN EASY WAY TO CIRCULATE THE "MESSENGER."

It is difficult sometimes to send small sums of money. We are inclined to think the trouble costs more than the money. This sometimes causes delay in sending, or, perhaps, the dropping of a subscription. To overcome this difficulty we have determined on a scheme which is quite simple and will lessen the labors of those who are kind enough to aid us in extending the circulation of our papers.

The price of the *Northern Messenger* is thirty cents a year, which is very low. In order to introduce it to new subscribers we offer it at the rate of fifteen cents for six months. We have prepared a post card of which the following is a copy:—

Good for six months' subscription to the NORTHERN MESSENGER
From the time this card is received at the WITNESS Office.

To.....*Name*
.....*Post Office*
.....*Province*
Mailed.....*188*

We will supply these post cards to any one at the rate of four for fifty cents, or eight for one dollar, that is twelve and a half cents each. They then can be sold if desired at fifteen cents each. When one is sold, all that you have to do is to fill in the name and address of the person to whom the paper is to go and mail the card which is already addressed. Thus you are saved the postage and all the trouble of writing a letter, addressing an envelope, *registering*, etc. *If any one desires to make* a friend a present of a six months' subscription to the *Messenger* all that is necessary for him to do is to send him the card with instructions to fill in his address, or do it himself and mail the card.

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THE "WEEKLY WITNESS"

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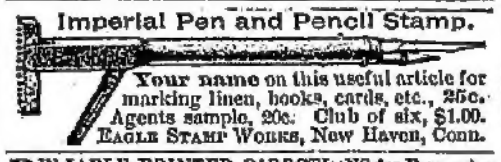

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